I will performe it to infranchiſe you,
Meane time this deepe diſgrace in brother hood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaſeth neither of vs well.
Glo. Well your impriſonment ſhall not be long.
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.
Cla. I muſt perforce, farewell. *Exit Cla.*
Glo. Go tread the path, that thou ſhalt nere returne,
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I doe loue thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy ſoule to heauen,
If heauen will take the preſent at our hands.
But who comes heere the new deliuered Haſtings.

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord,
Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well, are you welcome to this open aire,
How hath your Lordſhip brookt impriſonment?
Haſt. with patience (noble Lord) as priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall liue my Lord to giue them thanks,
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and ſo ſhall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your enemyes, are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.
Haſt. More pitty that the Egle ſhould be mewed
While Kites and Buzzards prey at liberty.
Glo. What newes abroad,
Haſt. No newes ſo bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is ſickly weake and melancholly,
And his Phiſitians feare him mightily.
Glo. now by ſaint *Paul* this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept on ill diet long,
And ouer much conſumed his royall perſon,
Tis very grieuous to be thought vpon,
What is he in his bed?
Haſt. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you, *Exit Haſt.*
He cannot liue I hope, and muſt not die
Till *George* be packt with poſt horſe vp to heauen:
Ile in to vrge his hatred more to Clarence, With

With lies well ſteeld with weightie arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to buſſell in,
For then Ile marry Warwicks youngeſt daughter,
What though I kill her husband and her father,
The readieſt way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I not all ſo much for loue,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marring her which I muſt reach vnto,
But yet I run before my horſe to market:
Clarence ſtill liues, *Edward* ſtill raignes,
When they are gone then muſt I count my gaines *Exit*

Enter Lady Anne, with the herſe of Henry the ſixt.

Lady. Set downe, ſet downe, your honorable Lord.
If honor may be ſhrowded in a hearſe,
Whil'ſt I a while obſequiouſly lament
The vntimely fall of vertuous Lancaſter,
Poore key-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale aſhes of the houſe of Lancaſter,
Thou bloudleſſe remnant of that royall bloud,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghoſt,
To heare the lamentations of poore *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy ſlaughtered ſonne,
Stabd by the ſelfe ſame hands that made theſe holes
Loe in thoſe windowes that let forth thy life,
I poure the helpeleſſe blame of my poore eyes,
Curſt be the hand that made the fatall holes,
Curſt be the heart, that had the heart to doe it,
More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:
Then I can wiſh to *Adders*, ſpiders, toads,
Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.
If euer he haue child, abortiue be it,
Prodigious and vntimely brought to light:
Whoſe vgly and vnnaturall aſpect
May fright the hopefull mother at the view,